
PENTHOUSE
BLACK LABEL
THE SEX & MONEY ISSUE
COVER GIRL YASMIN SCOTT TALKS LIFE IN THE PORN INDUSTRY
SEX ON WHEELS: THE ULTIMATE CAR GUIDE
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YASMIN SCOTT













BLACK LABEL

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LET'S GET WET AND WILD!

Summer has just ended & as the weather gets cooler, I'm not getting less wetter. 2016 was off to a Wet & Wild start shooting for the Black Label Cover & Centrefold with Danial Gowans, circulating the waters of Sydney's Darling Harbour in all my naked glory before skinny dipping for onlookers to spectate in lust.

I then jetsetted over to Europe to shoot some more porn for companies such as Digital Playground with the talented KG Disanto & more.

I'm an Adult Performer based in Sydney Australia. I launched my Adult Film Career in the USA in 2015 & am seeing the world – one penis at a time.

Yes, I have sex on camera. Taboo to some, adventurous & exciting to me. What excites me most is waking up each morning & thinking of all the pleasure I have given you watching what I do in front of the camera. The erections, the explosive orgasms, the working up of stamina watching my scene and waiting until the very end to explode imagining its your cock deep inside my pussy.

I'm an exhibitionist & a pervert. I want nothing more in life than to bring people pleasure. Great, orgasmic pleasure.

As you're sitting here looking at my shoot for Penthouse Black Label, know that this is my erotic gift to you.

Keeping things wet,

Sincerely Yours,



YASMIN SCOTT, MARCH COVERGIRL
@YASMINSCOTTXXX



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EVENT PLANNER

NINA MILANO
BY APPOINTMENT

Nina (right) is a 24 year old playful sexpot with a big appetite for sex and adventure. Nina believes in life, lust and that sexual pleasure is a human right. She cannot wait to make your naughty fantasies come true" Phone: 0449 721 755 Email: ninamilano1@outlook.com

20TH ANNIVERSARY SEXPO SYDNEY
THURS MAY12- SUN 15TH

SEXPO Sydney 2016 will be held at the Hordern Pavilion and Royal Hall of Industries, located at 1 Driver Ave, Moore Park, NSW.
Entry to the show is via Errol Flynn Boulevard.
www.sexpo.com.au/tickets

A SPECIAL EVENING WITH SAMANTHA X...
3 APRIL

You're invited to spend an evening with Samantha X where she will speak on her book 'Hooked': how she turned her back on a high profile career as a journalist to become an escort, and the secrets she has learned about men, marriage and female empowerment.
Time: 7pm to 10pm Venue: Slide Lounge- 41 Oxford St, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010
Tickets: $100
Included: Champagne Cocktail & Canapés
Dress code: Dress to Impress
Please note: This is a strictly Women +18 only event.

SCHNITZ 'N' TITS
EVERY FRIDAY IN APRIL

Saucy Sailors in the flesh - get naughty-cal with the Babelicious Barmaids at Shnitz'n'tits. Two agile and interactive Burlesque performers swinging from the rigging in next-to-nothing, A feast worthy of the captains table and there our famous breast schnitzel. A live DJ spinning sea shanties and high sea hits, Nautically themed quiz and audience games with great prizes!
schnitzntits.com.au

CASTELLE DATES
FROM 15 MARCH

15th March - 20th March
Featuring at Velvet Underground, Sydney CBD, NSW.
27th March - 10th April
Featuring at Sinsations Darwin, NT
twitter @castelle.edwards

FLESHLIGHT &JT EVENTS PRESENT ANGELA WHITE AND SCARLETT MORGAN...
THURSDAY 5 MAY

Llive at Melbourne's Centrefold Lounge, Superstar Angela White will be hosting and private dancers are available! Penthouse Pet & Gold Coast model Scarlett Morgan raunchy stage act alongside Melbourne's most popular showgirls. Thursday May 5, doors from 7pm, 22 King St Melbourne. Entry $15 at the door.



MISS APRIL
FROM THE OFFICIAL BLACK LABEL CALENDAR



AUSSIE BABE WINNER TANIKA WEST 2014 PET THE YEAR

AUSSIE Babes

WANT TO SEE YOURSELF IN THE PAGES OF BLACK LABEL?

Here's your chance! Enter the Aussie Babes 2016 Model search, exclusive to the magazine and be in the running to win the cover shoot February 2017 Issue. All cover girls get voted on by our readers.

SUBMISSION IS EASY:

- All images must be 300dpi jpegs (no smart phones, blurs or shadow)
- One photo must show no nudity for the Facebook competition.
- Models must provide 5 images for us to choose from
- Models must be over 18 and be able to provide photographic ID
- Send photos, bio and contact details to Blacklabel@phpublications.com

The competition will run for 4 issues with submissions starting 17/3/2015 and closing on the 7/7/2016. Voting will be available from the 13/10/2016 November Issue via a tear off voting panel.Voting will be cut of on the 13/10. Winner will be announced in the December Issue and be the cover of the February issue 2017. The competition will feature a monthly winner and two runner ups. The Models selected each month will be notified before print. The winners shoot wil be shot by a photographer chosen by Black Label Team and will be shot in Sydney .



1

AVN AWARDS NIGHT

LAS VEGAS WAS THE HOST OF THE AMERICAN ADULT VIDEO INDUSTRY AWARDS RECENTLY, AND WITH CELEBRATIONS IN FULL SWING, THE OLD SAYING 'WHAT HAPPENS IN VEGAS...' COULDN'T BE MORE TRUE

1: One of the many models from Miami getting ready for show. Photo: lee Austin/ emmreport.com

2: Anikka Albrite and Mick Blue arrive at the AVN Awards Red Carpet. Photo: industrybyrick/emmreport.com

3: Abella Danger accepting Best New Starlet award at Award show. Photo: Curtis Isom/ emmreport.com

4: Sarah Jessie, Jessica Jaymes, Jesse, Nikki Benz, Riley Reid, and Dillion Harper at the AVN Awards pre show. Photo: industrybyrick/ emmreport.com

5: Jessica Drake and Stormy Daniels at the AEE Show. Photo: industrybyrick/emmreport.com

6: Kleio Valentien showing her ink at the AEE Show. Photo: industrybyrick/emmreport.com

7: Adriana Chechik and Megan Rain. Photo: pictureboi/emmreport.com


2



3



4











8: Joanna Angel taking charge on stage at the AEE Show. Photo: Gordon/emmreport.com

9: Kayden Kross performing at the Fleshlight Party at the Hustler Club. Photo: lee Austin/ emmreport.com

10: Butt Shot from the MOFOS.com booth. Photo: morbid thoughts/emmreport.com

11: Sexxxy Ivy, Brooklyn Chase, Cheri Deville and Tanya Tate enjoying themselves at the AVN Awards pre show. Photo: morbidthoughts/





10 TOP BEST SEX TOYS MONEY CAN BUY











1 PARADISE STRING OF PEARLS

Designed by Betony Vernon, this stellar massage ring combines pleasure and art. Worn on a middle finger, this is one very discreet sex toy. The round gold balls are artfully placed on a string on the ring to bring maximum pleasure when used in sexual massage.

2 REAL DOLL

These Silicone dolls are the most lifelike and enjoyable love dolls that money can buy. Featuring the most advanced technologies available in both the skeletal components and silicone blends, the possibilities are endless. You can also customize your doll with any combination of the 16 faces and 10 bodies on offer.

3 FIRST TIMERS

Perfect for beginners entering the world of sensual dominance with their lover, this product ensuring you enjoy spontaneous moments together. The Love Bag contains 1 blindfold; 1 feather tickler; 1 vibrating cock ring; 2 condoms; 1 lubricant sachet and 1 massage oil sachet. Available at www.theelevator.boutique

4 THE UNICORN

Designed by Betony Vernon, the Silver Butt Plug is an anal sex toy designed with silver and and a real horse's mane. It is commonly referred to as the "unicorn" butt plug, it's carefully designed with a bulbous head that resembles a horn, a flared end, and a tapered shaft to offer maximum sexual pleasure.

5 THE ROYAL TREATMENT

The Royal Pearl is the ultimate designer vibrator for art enthusiasts and erotica aficionados. Designed by Colin Burn and business partner, Nicole Gallus, this eye-catching vibrator is embellished with 1000 white and pink sapphires, pearls, and diamonds. The device can be detached and fitted on a necklace.











6 OCULUS RIFT

Unlike anything you've ever experienced, you can step into your favorite game, jump into a destination on the other side of the world, or just spending time with friends in VR, you'll feel like you're really there. With all the attention around this products we all know what we really want to use it for….porn, porn, porn.

7 TICKLE THIS

The Gold Tickler is another expensive pearl in the sex toy market that will cost the buyer $4,506. The toy is made of 18k gold and adorned with feathers of marabou. It is an exotic Italian sex toy, designed to combine pleasure with luxury.

8 FOR A QUICKIE

Fleshlight Quickshot is designed for maximum Pleasure. Open-ended, non-anatomical and easy to clean. No Mus, no fuss quickie (free with a one year subscription to Black label, this month only. Or if you are already a subscriber visit http://bit.ly/QSPenthouse and receive 10% and a free bottle of 2 0z lube with purchases over $75

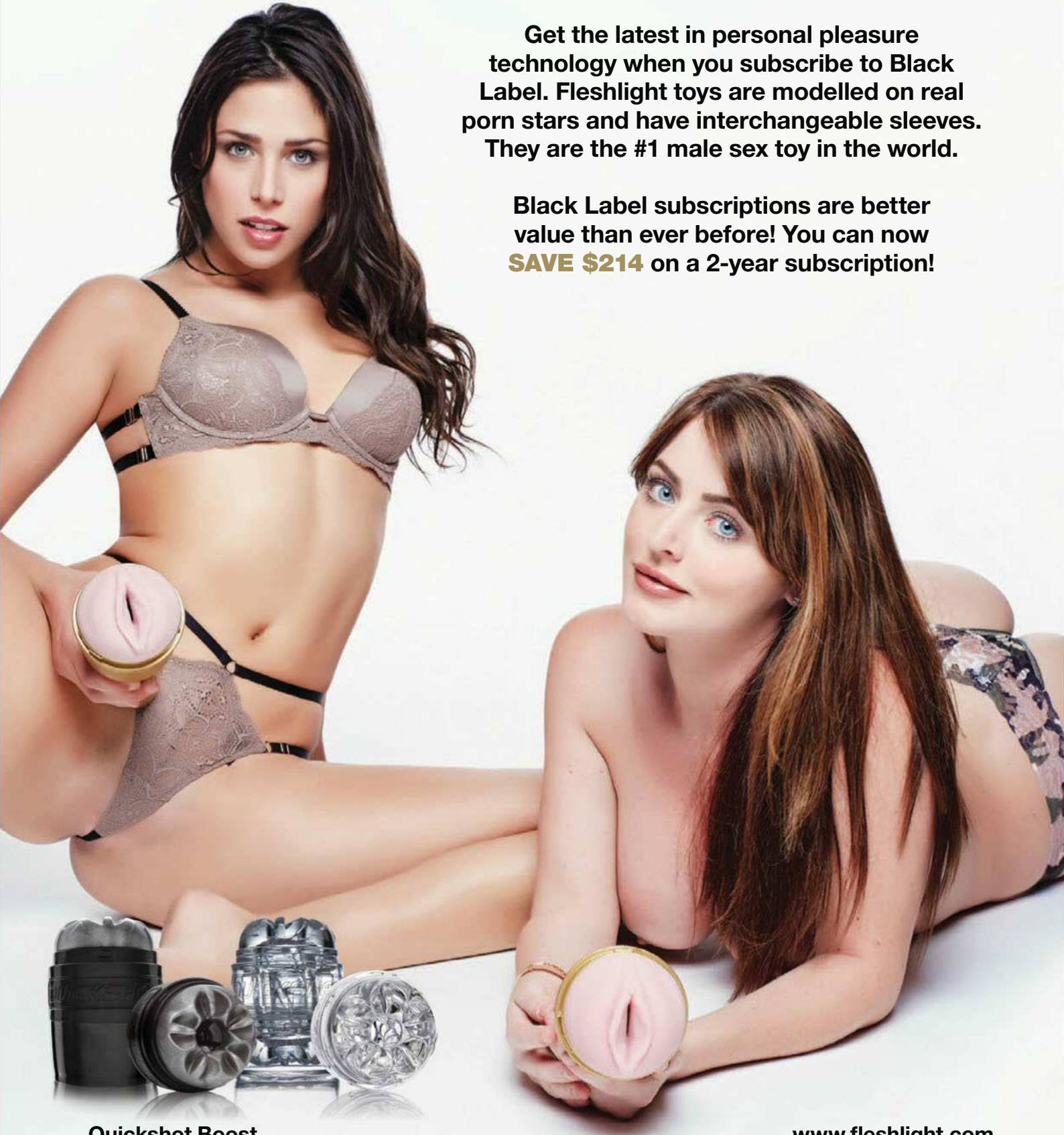
9 LADIES CHOICE

Soraya's flowing silhouette is contoured to the female form with functions to match, always ensuring the most deeply satisfying sensations. Made with body-safe silicone and an ABS core, providing for a fully-waterproof body and the signature 3-button interface that gives complete control through 6 vibration modes.

10 BECKHAM'S $1.8 MILLION SEX TOY GIFT

David's Gift is a million dollar vibrator designed for Victoria, while she was pregnant. It is made of platinum, with a 10k diamond encrusted base that is linked to a 16k diamond necklace. It is considered to be one of the insanely expensive sex toys and pieces of art on the sex market.

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Get the latest in personal pleasure technology when you subscribe to Black Label. Fleshlight toys are modelled on real porn stars and have interchangeable sleeves. They are the #1 male sex toy in the world.

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www.fleshlight.com



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☐ 1 year **(10 issues)** + Quickshot Boost for $99.95 **SAVE $99.55**

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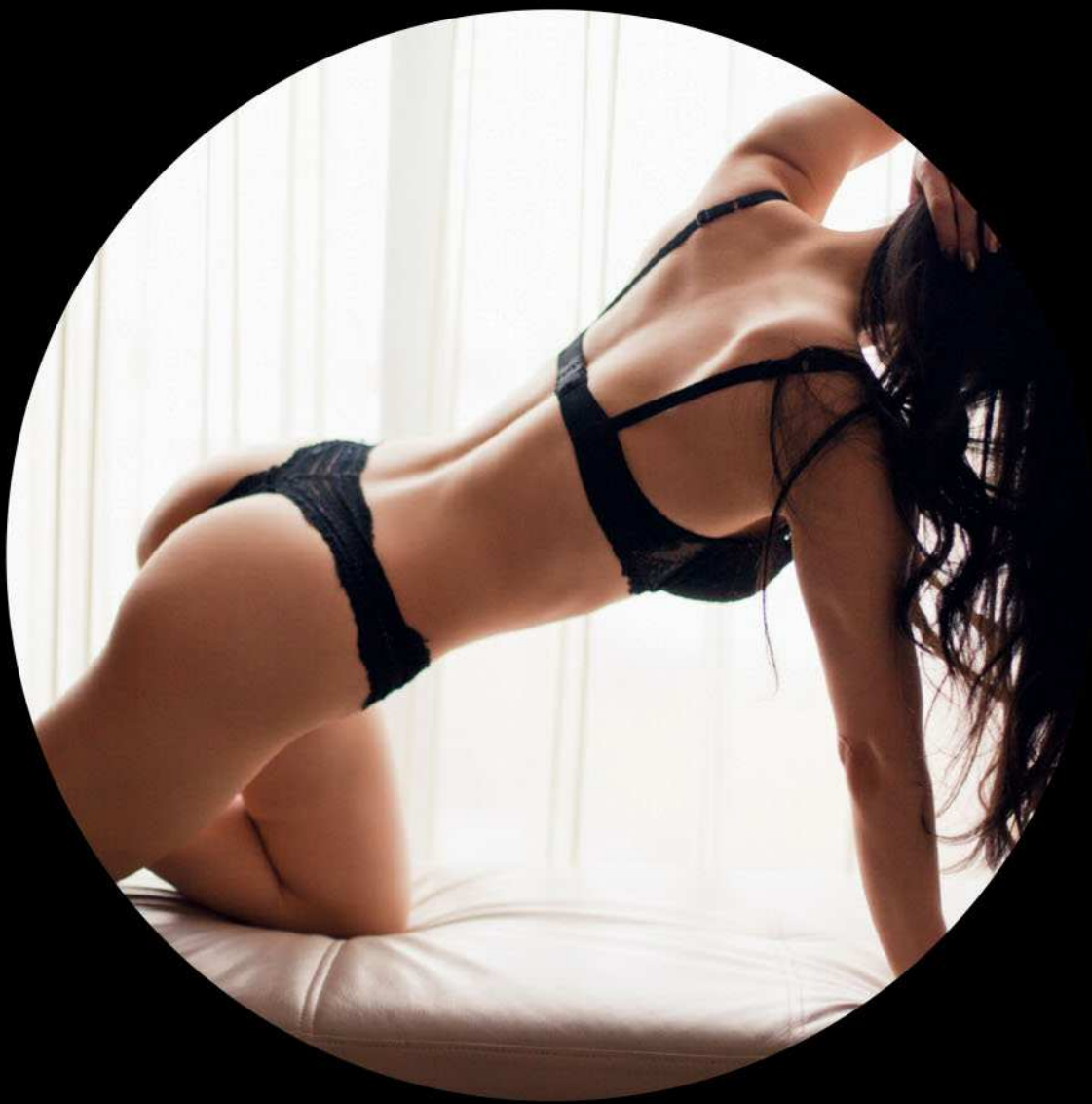
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WILD RIDE

PURE REBEL SHOWS OFF HER WILD SIDE

Photography by Phillip Hernandez













Moss Creek

The Kindred Spirit



Moss Creek Moonshine's rich southern heritage dates back to the early 1900's when John M. Craig produced his corn whiskey to celebrate times with friends and family. John's legend grew during the prohibition era and what was once a hobby soon became a way of life. Operating an old copper still on the edge of Moss Creek, South Carolina, he produced some of the best Moonshine east of the Mississippi. Moss Creek Moonshine - *The Kindred Spirit*

mosscreek mosscreekmoonshine

Drink Responsibly 18 +



SEX ON WHEELS

IF YOU WERE TO JUMP IN A TIME MACHINE AND STRUT BACK THROUGH THE LAST 60 YEARS, WHAT WOULD BE THE DEFINING CRITERIA OF EACH ERA? CARS. WOMEN MIGHT WEAR LESS NOW, BUT SEX ON WHEELS WAS WELL AND TRULY ALIVE IN THE 60'S, JUST CHECK OUT THESE RIDES...



ASTON MARTIN DB10

If there were ever a car with a Licence to Thrill, it would be the Aston Martin db10. Aston Martin have been providing agent 007 with the finest sports cars since 1964. They're the mechanical, four wheeled personification of Bond himself. Much like the super-spy who drives it, the db10 is a super charmer, albeit a little dangerous. Packed with all the weapons Bond would need to blow up a small country, the db10 was produced under conditions of extreme secrecy in the lead up to Spectre.

The db10 aka the Bond bobile uses a modified version of the Vantage chassis - though the wheelbase is longer and the car is wider - and the same 430bhp 4.7-litre V8 engine and six-speed manual gearbox as the Vantage S. Unfortunately however, for us mere mortals, Bond's db10 will not be available for sale to the general public. In fact, the db10 will not be produced at all, other than as a concept car.

ASTON MARTIN DB5

The Aston Martin db5 is one of the most famous cars in the world thanks to Bond. And where did Bond's big balls and sex appeal come from? His surging hormone levels from driving around the Aston Martin db 5 of course. Ejector seats available on request. Fun fact: The biggest selling toy of 1964 was a, you guessed it, db5 toy car, produced by Corgi Toys for Goldfinger.

‘THE ASTON MARTIN DB5 IS ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS CARS IN THE WORLD THANKS TO BOND.’





1975 FORD GRAN TORINO

Bad boys, bad boys, what cha' going to do? Hearing the V8 250hp 1975 Ford Gran Torino. screaming around corners would of struck fear into even the most hardened criminals hearts. What do they say about the Gran Torino? A boy gets in, and a man gets out.





1986 FERRARI TESTAROSSA

Sonny drove his Testarossa following the destruction of his Daytona Spyder by Stinger missile. Not a bad upgrade if you ask us. But that's beside the point. Where do you think that 80's Miami Vice swagger came from? Their 1986 Ferrari Testarossa of course (testarosssa is big testicals in Italian - may or may not be true).

1959 CADILLAC ELDORADO

Gone in 60 seconds (we're not talking about your teen sex life) features some of the sexiest cars known to man, as well as Nicolas Cage in all his glory. What more do you want? How about a 1959 Cadillac Eldorado? This thing is literally sex on wheels, as in, you could have a sex party in it (driver invited), and there would still be room for the kids.





HOLDEN TORANA A9X

Finally, this list wouldn't be complete without some Aussie heritage. Torana means 'To fly' in one Australian indigenous dialect. Where you decide to fly is your choice, but in one of these, it could just as easily be pussy town as the finish line. Bringing it back to home turf, and one of the most certified all time classics, the Holden Torana A9X.

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

IF YOU'RE A BIT OF AN EXHIBITIONIST, FLATTERED BY THE OCCASIONAL VOYEUR, AND HAPPY TO BE THE CENTRE OF ATTENTION, THEN WE KNOW YOU'LL BE CHECKING INTO ONE OF THESE SPOTS ON YOUR NEXT VACATION



210TH SUITE

Sex is still a taboo subject in the 21st century. Sure we've come a hell of a long way, but people still tend to freeze up and get weird when you inquire about their sex life. The awkward encounter with the checkout chick at your local store when purchasing condoms and lube is almost a right of passage. But who cares about that, you're getting laid tonight!

As far as escapism goes, visiting a hotel solely for the purpose of banging each other's brains out is pretty high on our list of fun things to do. Actually, it's pretty much at the top of our list, right along side sex in space. Thankfully, there are people out there who understand our kinky needs. Here's what Sofie has to say about 210th suite.

"Chelsea offers an oasis for cosmopolitan fashion and fun. This urban retreat is so alluring guests won't want to leave, particularly if they have checked into the exclusive 210th suite. Designed for guests with a playful disposition the suite is a truly seductive setting, a complimentary 210th box containing adult accessories enhances the experience."

Location:
Chelsea, London.

For more info visit:
www.210th.com/hotels-suite



JADE MOUNTAIN RESORT - ST LUCIA

If swimming in women the colour of cinnamon in the Caribbean sounds like your cup of rum, then look no further - Jade Mountain Resort has your name on it, boss. Perched along a postcard-perfect beach on the island nation of St. Lucia, it has all the amenities of a high end Caribbean beach resort that a man of your taste would expect. The spa, the infinity pool, the gorgeous wait-staff waiting to bring you a drink as you lounge lazily in a hammock overlooking green vistas and sparkling Caribbean oceans. Behind you lays lush jungle-filled country full of tropical wonder and adventure. So pack your bags, your best holiday shorts, grab your girl - or ask her nicely - and make your way to the Caribbean wonderland that is St. Lucia.

NIKKI - KOH SAMUI

Some people believe that the word "samui" derives from the Malay word "saboey", or "safe haven". Does it? Well, there is no credible source. However, it's beside the point, because it can be if you want it to be. Overlooking the crystal blue waters of Lipa Noi Beach, Nikki Beach Resort Koh Samui lies steps from Lipa Noi's beautiful sunset coast. The bar is stumbling distance from the beach, as is your bed. Is that important? If you want it to be. Remember, this is Thailand, you're probably going to be partying or relaxing, so you want those two things on hand at all times.







ARTISAN HOTEL - LAS VEGAS

"We came here on Friday and we didn't leave until Sunday" isn't a quote from the 15th Hangover movie (is that how many they've done?). No, but it's going to be the reality if you visit Artisan Hotel in Vegas, because you wont want to leave. The uniquely decorated, art-filled rooms feature ornate, funky decor, flat-screens and sitting areas. Some suites even include walk-in closets and pool tables so it shouldn't be difficult to convince your girlfriend to stay (why do they love walk in ward-robes so much?) Free ear plugs are provided to guest because if you haven't figured it out yet, you're in vegas and people like to party.


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GETTING WET

AT HOME WITH SUICIDE GIRL, SUTTIN

Photography by Adam Frank





"I was born and raised in California and have had the privilege of spending most of my life just a few minutes away from the beach. I started modelling about 3 years ago when I got involved with a website that promotes alternative models. I've always been totally comfortable showing off my body so I knew nude modeling was the perfect fit for me. I view my body as an art gallery. My tattoos are the paintings that line the walls and my modelling is a way for the world to experience the art that I've been lucky enough to have put on my body."











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GOLD ULTIMATE

Jes Extender Gold is the Ultimate penis enlargement package. With 24K Gold coated parts, it's hand-made to precise specifications ensuring the highest quality and best performance. Includes a high quality mahogany storage case and 5 extra components for the most comfort and biggest results. Suitable to wear while sleeping. Fits penis sizes 2 to 10 inches.

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PROMO PRICE: $499.95
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First option: Jes Extender - Australian approval ID: 197042.

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Jes Extender triggers new growth with each minute it's used and can be worn under normal clothing, while doing light activites and in the privacy of your own home. Growth is based on scientific evidence and clinical trials have proven Jes Extender useful for; penis enlargement, penis curvature correction, erection quality improvement and peyronie's disease treatment. Suitable for men of all ages. All results are safe and permanent. Minimum use recommendation 1 hr per week. Local after sales support included. Payment plans available. All packages include full written and DVD instructions. Orders received usually arrive in 1 - 2 days.

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HI-FI AND HOME

OK, SO YOU'VE MANAGED TO GET THIS BEAUTIFUL GIRL BACK TO YOUR PLACE. LIGHTS ARE DIMMED, DRINKS ARE OUT, THE VIBES ARE GOOD. TIME TO TURN IT UP TO 11 WITH A SOUND SYSTEM TO BACK UP ALL YOUR SMOOTH MOVES.

FERGUSON HILL FH001 HORN SPEAKER

For those who buy speakers with their eyes. The Ferguson Hill Horn speaker is straight up visual porn for the audiophile. It's a "horn" speaker made of clear acrylic. Its ultrahigh efficiency design allows it to play nice and loud with as little as 3 to 50 watts. That makes it a 'green speaker' for all you greenies out there.





BANG & OLUFSEN - BEOLAB 90

Bang & Olufsen's Beolab 90 offers unparalleled quality and looks. The speakers pack 18 drivers -- four woofers, seven mids, and seven tweeters. In layman terms that means you'll be pumping out a combined 8,200 watts, so it's probably loud enough to vibrate your dates clothes off, if you haven't already. If that isn't sexy, we don't know what is. Available individually this November.



SINATRA EDITION GRAMOPHONE SPEAKER - GRAMOVOX

Frank Sinatra's signature tipple was was a mix of four ice cubes, two fingers of Jack Daniel's whiskey, and a splash of water. And chances are you'll feel like sipping on neat whiskey whilst you kick back and listen on your new Gramophone Speaker. In honour of legendary crooner Frank Sinatra, Gramovox produced a limited run of the classic Gramophone Speaker. The limited 500 edition is said to be a modern reimagining of the classic Victrola horn. Mounted on a wooden block with a Bluetooth speaker inside, the speaker oozes audiophile-sex-appeal. The Sinatra version features a chrome-plated steel horn on a ebony-stained wooden base that has a screen-printed Sinatra signature.

FREEWHEELER

For those times when you're at a party and you just want to 'take the music with you'. To be fair, you've probably had too much to drink at that point but hey, we get it. Designed by Francesco Pellisari, this innovative, semi-ridiculous, and very sexy freewheeler cordless stereo speaker wheel can actually be rolled around both indoors and outdoors. Simply plug your iPod into the transmitter, switch it on and you're rolling.





THE BRIONVEGA RR226

You can't easily buy the RR126 which adds to its appeal. Italian designers Pier Giacomo and Achille Castigloni crafted the Brionvega Radiofonografo RR126: a gorgeous masterpiece of 60s stereo design, featuring a radio, speakers, amplifier and phonograph, as well as a wonderfully pareidolic robot face made up of the knob and dial design.



SIZE MATTERS

WALLETS PACKED FULL TO THE BRIM WITH EVERYTHING YOU OWN ARE GONE. WHAT IS ATTRACTIVE IS ATTENTION TO DETAIL. HERE, SIZE MATTER.

GUARDED GOODS BULWARK

Guarded Goods (right) is a one-man operation which means you're looking at quality. Meticulous attention to detail and handcrafted. These bi-folds have four card slots, a pocket for bills, and use extremely high quality leathers. In addition to being hand-stitched, the edges are burnished with beeswax for a naturally waterproof finish.
Price:$120



I MAISON KITSUNE

Coins are the bane of many mens' existence. Always at a loss of what to do with them, never a place to put them. Change all that with this black leather coin purse from Kitsune. Doubles as a pussy magnet - chicks love guys confident enough to rock a coin purse.
Price: $160



II UCON ACROBATICS PESO WALLET

Available from Sydney's very own Above The Clouds, the Peso Wallet is crafted from premium cowhide leather and gets the balance between card slot and coin purse spot on. The result is a slick looking wallet that won't blow out your pocket and leave you looking like you're trying to overcompensate for something.
Price: $110



III FILSON SMALL BI-FOLD

This small leather bi-fold features two card slots, a security pocket and a bill holder. Durable vegetable-tanne d leather from the USA, heavy-gauge nylon thread and Tin Cloth accents ensure a lifetime of constant use.
Price: $88



IV HUGO BOSS MEMENTO LEATHER VERTICAL WALLET

For when you feel like doing things a little different, the Hugo Boss vertical wallet has got you covered. It comes with all the good stuff that you would expect, including a textured leather fold design and internal multiple card slots.
Price: $120.00



FIVE FOR YOUR POCKET

THE MODERN MAN TRAVELS LIGHT. HERE ARE OUR 5 FAVOURITE THINGS TO PUT IN YOUR POCKET THAT AREN'T WALLETS.

1 PAT KIM DESIGN TITANIUM BOTTLE OPENER

Sophisticated and minimal, a perfect companion for an evening of drinking. Made from durable titanium and built to last. This bottle opener will be your new best friend.

2 PARBELLUM KEY STRAP

Carry your keys in style. The Strap features a leather outer, calfskin interior, kevlar lining for durability, and a choice of either ceramic or copper hardware.

3 HAMMERED PEWTER POCKET FLASK

This screw top pewter flask offers fits in your pocket and holds 3 oz of liquid. It's unique hand-hammered finish is stylish and durable. Handmade in Sheffield, England, since 1949.

4 HARMAN/KARDON "ESQUIRE MINI" SPEAKER

Size matters… when it comes to portable speakers. Offering big bang for it's size The Esquire Mini delivers the signature HK sound. It's built-in Li-ion battery lets you play your music wirelessly for up to 8 hours at a time. Perfect for when you need tunes on-the-go.

5 YSTUDIO "BRASSED BALLPOINT PEN"

Ideal for the aesthete or DIY lover. The Brassing Ballpoint Pen allows you to create an ageing effect by removing paint on the surface. The end result is a product totally unique to you.

WATCH AND ADMIRE

REGARDLESS OF YOUR STANCE ON HOROLOGY, THERE IS AN UNDENIABLE JE NE SAIS QUOI ABOUT A NICE TIMEPIECE THAT SILENTLY SCREAMS WEALTH AND SEX APPEAL.





BREITLING CHRONOMAT 44 BLACKSTEEL

The Chronomat 44 Blacksteel is a brand-new take on the watch adopted by the world's greatest aerobatics teams. The Chronomat 44 Blacksteel continues the legacy and will keep you looking like a boss. From the steel case and carbon-based black treatment, the unidirectional rotating bezel featuring black rubber-inlaid numerals and equally black dial, the Chronomat 44 ticks with sophistication and military like resistance. However it isn't just incredible to look at. On the technical side, this model is sturdiness and ergonomics embodied. Water-resistant to 200 m, the Chronomat 44 Blacksteel is distinguished by its exceptional engine which features Breitling Caliber 01 self-winding chronograph movement, powered by a black oscillating weight visible through the transparent case back. Needless to say, if you have this on your wrist, you're the boss.

HUBLOT CLASSIC FUSION AERO CHRONOGRAPH WATCH

The amazing Hublot Classic Fusion screams sophistication and microscopic attention to detail. The skeletonized piece represents the ultimate in exposed movements. What's more, it will only cost you a significant chunk of your salary. Yay!
Price: From $16,000 - $54,000





ROGER DUBUIS EXCALIBUR AUTOMATIC SKELETON

With a name like that, you just know the guy wearing is going to be a total fuckwit. That said, it's a pretty badass looking piece of gear. Straight out of the future. We think it tells the time? Does it even matter? Look at it! Price: $83,200



SUPER MARIO BROS

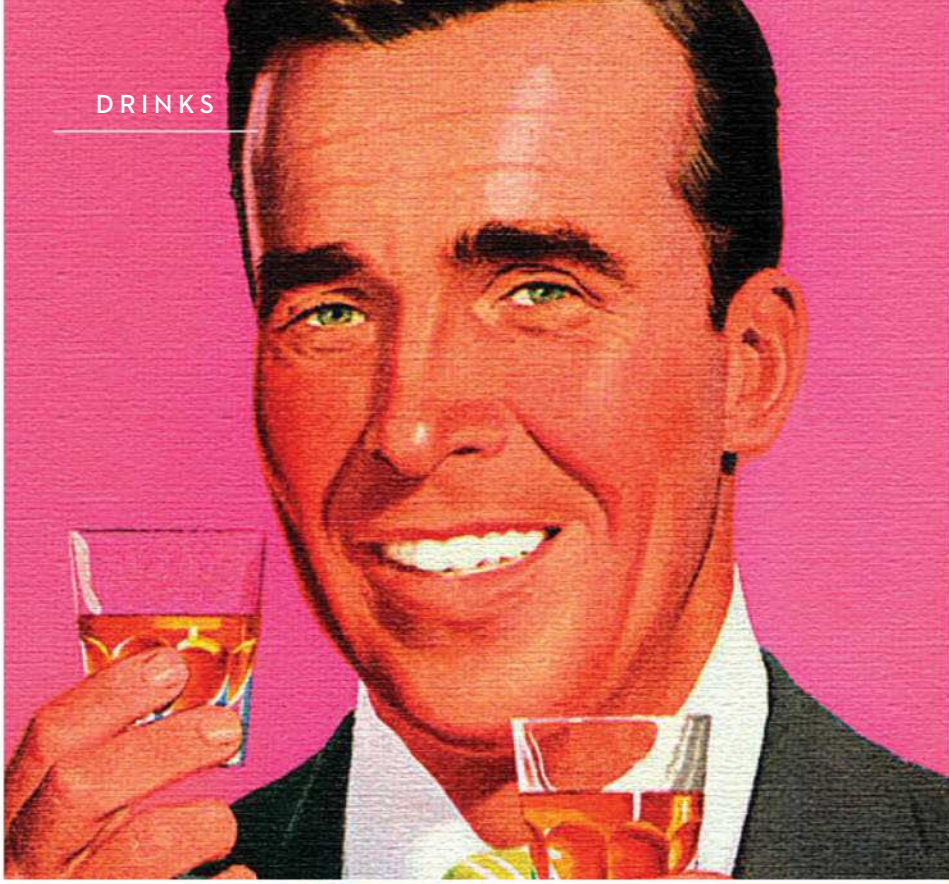
Whilst this limited edition Romain Jerome Super Mario Bros timepiece might not get you laid, it will get you mad respect at your next gaming convention. Go on, hop to it.
Price: $18,950

ROTONDE DE CARTIER GRAND COMPLICATION

578 components make this the most complicated watch ever made by maison. It's $900,000 price tag means you probably won't be getting your hands on it anytime soon either but that won't stop you from appreciating the hell out of it. Price: $770,000



WHAT KIND OF DRINK ARE YOU?



JOCKS: VODKA SODA

Chances are you'll be hugging the toilet before the night is through, so it's best you get hydrated. The vodka soda is the jock personified. Zero thought and easy to neck.

HIPSTER: OLD FASHION

Old Fashions are in. And you'll need to look the part when you approach a friendly, turtleneck wearing stranger to talk philosophy. You're a hipster after all. Embrace it.

PLAYER: GIN MARTINI (DIRTY)

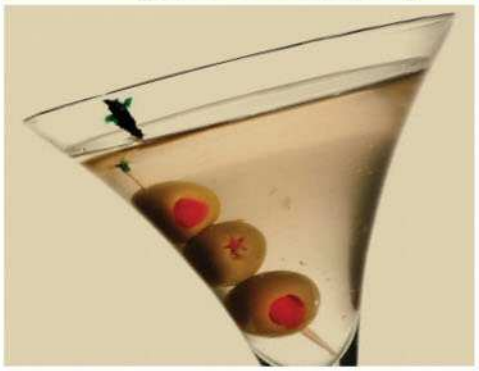
The ultimate players drink. Classy with a touch of dirty. It's suggestive enough to raise an eyebrow, but classy enough to keep her interested. Don't forget to offer her the olives.

NERD: NEGRONI

The negroni is what you sip as you wait quietly in the corner for someone to talk to you. Deep down your a complex character, hence the negroni, you're just not very good at selling yourself. Let the drink do the talking.









HANGOVER CURES AROUND THE WORLD

HUNGARY
Sparrow Droppings in Brandy
Ingredients: Refer to title



PHILLIPINES
Balut
Ingredients: Fertilised duck embryo, poached



ANCIENT GREECE
Sheep lungs and owl eggs
Ingredients: Hard to come by













WHAT KIND OF DRINK IS SHE?

CLASSY: VIEUX CARRÉ

For the classy, intellectual woman who has better things to do than hang out with a beer sippin' poonce. You better have your game face on 'cos she means business. Yes she's judging you, no, she's not impressed with your craft beer.

ARTY: MARGARITA

A little showy, not over the top - anything with tequila means attitude. Your arty date is the margarita personified. She'll hopefully only be wearing a sombrero by the end of the night.

EASY GOING: BEER

It's always a relief when your date orders a beer. You know she's easy going and down for a good time. She's happy sipping beer in a bar or chatting over a picnic in the park.

FRIVOLOUS: COSMOPOLITAN

Most likely found at a sports bar, or cocktail bar drinking freebies from strangers. Your date will be be table top dancing in no time after a few cosmos.

ENGLAND
English Breakfast
Ingredients: Eggs, bacon, sausage, beans toast, etc



AUSTRALIA
More Booze
Ingredients: Whatever you had the night before



PENTHOUSE RECOMMENDS
HANGOVER CLINIC
Serving up IV drips, oxygen and vitamin cocktails to help relieve the hungover. For $140 through to $200 you could just buy more booze and party on.




THE
TASTE
OF
SUCCESS
PENTHOUSE
MERLOT 2012
CALIFORNIA
THE
BLONDE
SPARKLING
NV
RESERVE
PENTHOUSE
Wine Estates
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COME ABOARD, CAPTAIN

THIS MONTH'S COVER GIRL, YASMIN SCOTT

Photography by Danial Gowans



















150% of daily Omega-3 ALA per 150g pack*



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AUSTRALIAN OWNED

No artificial flavours. No artificial colours.
No preservatives. No added msg.
A source of dietary fibre. No GMO used.
A source of Omega-3 ALA.

COOKED IN SUNFLOWER OIL

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* Based on an average adult daily diet of 8,700kj



SEE YASMIN IN SCENES FROM:

Brazzers
Reality Kings
Pornpros
Yanks
Lightsouthern
Philavise
The Femdom Empire
Purexxx

UPCOMING SCENES FROM:

DDF Network
Evil Angel
Brazzers
Perfect Gonzo
Reality Kings
Killergram
Ero Ninja
Lightsouthern
Yanks
Fetish Liza
Chateau Cuir
Glove Mansion
Aussie Ass
Popporn 3D
Klixen Productions
Plus more

HOME GROWN TALENT

WE TALK TO PORN ACTRESS YASMIN SCOTT BEFORE SHE FLYS OVERSEAS TO WORK WITH SOME OF THE BESTIN THE INDUSTRY.

Can you recall the first time you thought about porn as a career? What turned you on about it? Was it an immediate decision or was it something you thought about for a while before jumping in?

My first recollection was when I was about 5 walking past a news-agency stand and seeing magazine covers with hyper sexual women extraordinarly large breasts. Then, as a teenager dating older guys and seeing their porn mags and posters in their restrooms. Its always fascinated me. I have also been very sexual since I was young age. I started masturbating when I was about 10 and lost my virginity at a young also. It came as no surprise when I quit my government job and became an adult performer. A few years went by, I did my first spread for Australian Penthouse & I felt as though I needed a new challenge. I'm a Leo and always need a new challenge otherwise I get bored. My doubles partner at the time was doing Porn & it fascinated me. I then decided I wanted to take my career to that level - Adult Film. What people think of me based on my chosen career has never phased me. I chose this as my career. I do what I do because I enjoy it, not for money. However when you focus your energies on what makes you happy, like every other job, then it becomes profitable.

As with any job, I'm sure porn has its ups and downs. What are the best things about working in the industry, and what are some of the things that might bug you every now and then?

It's a very liberating job, especially as a female where we can now be open with our sexuality as men have for centuries. The only downside is that there is not many opportunities to advance your career within Australia. I think in this day and age Australia needs to catch up with other continents where pornograhy is legalised.

Do you think there is a particular type of personality you need to have to do porn?

Enjoying sex is very important and wanting to be seen fucking on camera. I'm an extrovert and an extibitionist although other performers may not have this within their personalities but they bring other qualities.

Are there any performers with whom you enjoy working?

Of course. However, we are all professionals and on set it is a professional environment. Just like any other workplace you will encounter others who you get along with really well and others not so much; however you're getting paid to get a job done well. You have the option to not work with another performer if there are grievances that cannot be put aside.

What's the favourite scene you've done?

I love them all for various reasons. So far, I enjoy 3 ways and femdom scenes the most. I'm yet to do blowbang, group, anal and interracial scenes which I know I will also enjoy very much and looking forward to when I do them. I like being kinky and dirty however it's what you get booked to do as to when it happens.

What do you get out of it on a personal level? Is it an important part of your sexuality, or is it more of a job for you?

I'm an extrovert and an exhibitionist. It fulfills my soul more than just a job. I also enjoy hearing from fans that they enjoyed watching me and ask for more. Bringing joy to other people's lives is a nice feeling. I'm also career driven. Once I knew that I enjoyed fucking on camera I wanted to do it more and more. The thought of someone getting off watching me is exciting.

Why do you think porn is still taboo in Australia?

I'm not sure why it is still taboo. There is no reason for it to still be taboo. We are a sexually open country and people do watch porn. They know the performers and companies. Other parts of the Adult Indistry are recognised and have legal rights so I believe it is only a matter of time before pornograhy is legalised. Once that happens, there will be more companies and performers and it will become less taboo. It was only a bit over a decade or so ago where to be a stripper was still taboo in Australia, now you always know at least one or more strippers.

What are your plans for your career?

"I ENJOYED FUCKING ON CAMERA I WANT TO DO IT MORE & MORE"

How far would you like to take it?

Although I've been in the Adult Industry for 5 years, I only started Adult Film last year. I'm still a newbie. I am growing and learning, however, I'll continue to do so until I decide to retire, one day. I'm not putting a time frame on that as when you do a job that you enjoy and are progressing with it, you just take everything you are given and go with it and strive to be the best you can be.

What are you up to over the next little while?

I am off to Europe to shoot with some great companies, directors and performers. Then I'll be back and shooting some scenes here. I'll keep working on my career and shooting with the guidance of my Agents both in Europe and America as well as knowledge from Adult Stars who I have been fortunate enough to have formed friendships with.





I GOT BEAT UP BY A GIRL

THERE ARE NUMEROUS MEN OUT THERE WHO WILL PAY TOP DOLLAR TO HAVE A DOMINATING WOMAN BEAT THEM UP, CALL THEM NAMES AND SEXUALLY HUMILIATE THEM. JAMES BRANSON GAVE IT A SHOT.

Unfortunately for my sense of self worth, morality, chances of impressing God and getting into heaven, my family's name and just general good taste, it's been decided that I am now officially Penthouse's reporter on fringe human behaviour. There was a serious discussion regarding whether or not I'd be willing to let somebody defecate on me in the name of "research". I baulked at that one, but it was decided for me that another mission was on the cards: An afternoon with a Dominatrix.

Although I like an occasional bite or slap if it's called for, I really do not (or did not… more on that later) have any underlying desire to be spanked, hit, stomped on, whipped, humiliated, caned, kicked in the nuts, pissed on or to undergo CBT.

CBT, for anyone who isn't familiar with the term, is Cock And Ball Torture. There's a particularly gruesome image on one Sydney-based dominatrix's website showing a bloodied dick with about twenty small pins inserted into the scrotum. Ew.

I GOT BEAT UP BY A GIRL

I wasn't hungry for that kind of experience. I was actually pretty nervous about the whole shebang, so I asked a friend, let's call him Jack, what I was in for. Jack has a bit of experience as a tranny assistant to local mistress. He'd helped out with sessions that called for some extra humiliation.

"Some clients liked the actual pain, but most were there to be humiliated and embarrassed. We taunted them, made fun of how they looked. Sometimes we'd piss on them or make them shit themselves…"

Oh Dear.

"We had a dungeon and there were chains that we'd tie clients up in. There was also a lot of suppressed breathing – a lot of clients like to be suffocated. There was one guy who liked to be put in a latex suit that had small air holes which I had control of. A lot of that play was about getting him to do humiliating things, and as a reward I would let him breathe a little easier."

Yeah Jack, please go on to make this more enticing…

"A lot of guys liked to be pissed on. It was good money, too. I would charge a thousand bucks for a pissing session."

Wow.

I found a mistress in Surry Hills on the net. Her website made pretty viewing: pictures of men dressed in leather gimp outfits being led around on a chain by a tattooed woman who's whole look screamed 'I will kick your ass'. Several pictures featured a glass of golden liquid that I first thought – rather hopefully – was whisky.

"Um, that's not whisky," Will from Penthouse helpfully pointed out.

Oh.

I finally settled on Mistress Anna in Darlinghurst.

She looked nice enough and tough enough at the same time. For some reason I can't be bothered thinking about, it was important that my dominatrix might be able to take me in a fight – I felt that if I could physically overpower her I wouldn't get a true experience of being dominated. We arranged to meet at four in the afternoon.

Half an hour before I was due to have my ass kicked the jitters set in solidly. I was scared not really of the humiliation but the pain, which was playing on my mind. I have a low threshold for pain and it has never turned me on too much in bed.

Ten minutes before game on, I received a text with strict instructions to wait on the corner near her Darlinghurst terrace and to not under any circumstances knock on her door. As I watched from across the street a short, stocky, George Costanza-type exited, looking shaken and exhilarated. Or so I imagined.

A few minutes later a phone call summoned me in.

"You'll need to come through and sit on the right hand side."

Her place was, downstairs at least, like any other Sydney terrace: upper-middle. Before we could talk about my upcoming torture she had some medical questions.

"Do you have any medication or health problems I need to know about? High blood pressure?"

"No."

"Good then. A bad back or knees?"

"Not really."

"The reason I ask is that you'll be doing a lot of kneeling before me on the floor, and sometimes clients can't handle that."

I was sure my knees could handle the pressure.

"I use 'mercy' as a safe word, so you need to say that whenever it gets too much. If there's something you don't like, especially something physical, I'll ask you if you need to say 'mercy', and you will say 'yes mistress' or 'no mistress'. I also use a rating system from one to five – five being the most painful. So I will also ask you to rate the pain from time to time.

"Once we go upstairs you will always address me as 'mistress'. This is an introductory session, so there'll be some light bondage, cock and ball 'tie and tease'… did you want some anal play today?"

It was like she was supersizing me.

A long silence ensued.

And ensued.

And ensued.

"Is that part of the regular introductory service?"

"Yes. There's more though, like putting needles in your cock – but that's not something you might enjoy."

"No, I don't think so."

"Ok, so there'll be forced orgasm obviously… did you have anything else you want to try".

I wasn't sure…

"Would you to try some urethral play? One of my favourites is urethral sounding. It's like a male vibrator. They're metallic, long, thin rods. I find one that's smaller than the eye of your penis and insert it…"

Woooaaaahhh. Having a needle inserted into the eye of my penis did not sound enticing at all, but Mistress Anna pressed on, trying her best to convince me.

"Most guys feel a bit like they're about to pee or have an orgasm."

I suggested we could leave it for next time and she decided talk time was over. She led me upstairs and instructed me to take a shower.

> **'ONCE WE START, YOU WILL ADDRESS ME AS MISTRESS. THERE'LL BE SOME LIGHT BONDAGE, COCK AND BALL TIE-AND-TEASE... DID YOU WANT SOME ANAL PLAY?'**

I DRIED OFF AND MISTRESS ANNA OPENED THE DOOR, demanding I be naked, directing me to turn around, blindfolding me and putting a tight leather collar around my neck and leading me to her dungeon. The blindfold came off, revealing a lair with all the trappings you'd expect. A hard rubber floor, chains, a sling and what looked like a dentist's kit containing numerous sharp metal objects.

"Kneel."

I knelt.

"I have some rules."

"Yes mistress."

"I don't like soft dicks."

"Yes mistress."

"I don't like dripping dicks."

"Yes mistress."

"You come when I let you."

"Yes mistress."

The slapping began, starting a beautiful relationship between her hands and my ass.

Gently, at first, then gradually harder over the course of a few minutes until I was told to get up. Mistress Anna began to slowly but firmly wrap a thin rope around my balls, too tight for comfort.







‘I WAS SLAPPED, SCRATCHED, AND UNDERWENT SOME VERBAL TAUNTING. I WAS GRABBED AROUND THE COLLAR AND EMOTIONALLY ABUSED’

But comfort wasn't what I was here for really. She asked me on a scale of one to five how painful it was.

"One."

Braces were quickly wrapped around my hands and feet then hooked onto a series of chains in the middle of the room, leaving me in an X position, feet apart and hands up, unable to move more than a few inches.

I felt like that poor actor in Game Of Thrones who spends the entire third season getting tortured on a cross by his sadistic captor.

I was grabbed by the collar and given a round of light emotional abuse ("You've been playing with your dick every day, haven't you? How many times do you touch that dirty thing?"), then some further ass slapping.

The ass slapping really does seem to be a big part of being a dominatrix. By the time they have kids they need to discipline, your average dominatrix must be well rehearsed in corporal punishment.

I was scratched, had my nipples clamped and underwent further verbal taunting. I was her slave, she was in control, I would do as she commanded. A sharp metal device that I couldn't see through the tiny opening in my blindfold began to crawl heavily across my chest. Anna asked how painful it was and I gave it a three out of five. She seemed rather satisfied with a three.

I'm going to stop for a second here and say that it's hard to gauge the correct tone with which to write this. While the above and below is a simple list of events told rather dispassionately, I wasn't really sure how I felt at the time. Often I had a sense of detachment – at times wanted to break out laughing. It was painful and humiliating, but so is Christmas dinner with the family.

I was mercifully taken down from the chains – like Jesus from the cross – and dumped on to what appeared to be a gymnastics horse. I was told to bend over it and my hands and feet were again tied, this time to the ground. Some further ass slapping occurred in this position and she squeezed the rope around my balls tighter. I gave that one a four out of five.

At this point in our session I began to become… a little bored, honestly. I was expecting, probably naively, to feel more physical pain – perhaps I have a greater tolerance than I first suspected, but the subjugation of my body wasn't bringing too much insight. It elicited few feelings.

THEN SOMETHING STRANGE AND UNEXPECTED happened. I began to feel a strong desire to be humiliated and abused on an emotional level. I wanted her to scream at me, put me down, call me scum, taunt me, make me feel like a piece of shit.

The desire came out of nowhere and was very, very new. It was overpowering.

So I began to provoke Mistress Anna.

I wanted to make her as mad as I possibly could, hoping she'd get angrier and take it out on me. I laughed when she reminded me of her rules.

"They're not actually rules, you know," I said, still bound and tied up.

I smiled when she told me to shut up.

"'I don't like floppy dicks' is not a rule. 'I don't like dripping dicks' is not a rule. They're just things you don't like," I taunted.

She didn't seem to take the bait, continuing with the

physical humiliation by pouring hot was on my back, which actually hurt like hell. But I continued being a smartass, trying to provoke her further, purposely forgetting her rules when asked to repeat them, laughing when I should have been screaming, and sweating profusely.

She didn't like the sweating, but I couldn't help it.

It was hot in there.

If it's possible to find being tied up, abused, whipped and slapped a little boring I was beginning to feel that way.

The desire for the more abuse got stronger, and for a moment I wanted some hard core physical abuse too - I wanted to be punched and spat on.

But it was still the emotional torment that I wanted the most, and I started to wish Mistress Anna knew more about me – my hang ups, my secrets, my fears – so she could use them against me. It was a strange and new feeling.

By this time I still wasn't hard, and I could tell Mistress Anna wasn't happy about this. What I found out later is that she genuinely wants her clients to be turned on, and she really does enjoy the work. Unlike some sex-workers, who are in it entirely for the money, Mistress Anna actually cares that her clients get what they want from the sessions.

It was clear by my flaccidity that it wasn't happening for me.

She let me off the horse and dragged me gently by the collar over to the sling in the middle of the room, spreading my legs, attaching them to a chain so I couldn't move them, and putting on some gloves. I guess I had been asking for more with my disobedience. It was time to get fingered.

She applied a generous amount of lube to the… region. After some gentle caressing she inserted what felt like a finger. I expected the anal play to either really turn me off or be strangely enjoyable, but it was neither. My overall reaction to the experience was "meh."

Maybe that's a little strange in itself, but the physical aspect of what we were doing had now become far less important to me, and the desire to be verbally abused took over entirely.

And then, our time was up.

She took her finger out of my ass, off came the latex gloves, and my last command was to take a shower.

EPILOGUE: A Post Play Conversation With Miss Anna.

Mistress Anna: So, how did you feel about that?

Me: I certainly enjoyed parts of it. It's hard to figure out right now, but what I wanted was more of the emotional abuse.

Mistress Anna: You were definitely pushing it. When you were being a smartass to me and you told me my rules weren't actually rules I could see your normal dominative personality come through. There's nothing wrong with that, but what you were doing was a fairly cheeky thing to do to a mistress.

Me: I actually felt myself actively trying to piss you off.

Mistress Anna: A good mistress will control her temper and won't fall for that. She won't react abusively.

Me: That's actually how I wanted you to react.

Mistress Anna: That's not my thing. A mistress less experienced might thrash out at you.

Me: At some point I did begin to enjoy being hit.

Mistress Anna: Yeah you did. But you're new, so it takes a few sessions to know somebody's boundaries. That was actually pretty challenging for me – you began starting to push my buttons.

Me: I guess that was me not really knowing how it works.

Mistress Anna: Mmmm. But it's my house and my rules apply here.

Me: Yes ma'am.

I WALKED OUT INTO THE REAL WORLD FEELING understandably odd. Because the experience was strange and new, it took me a while to know what to make of it.

The physical experience had been tamer than I had expected. Although I've never been keen on pain during sex, I was still expecting this to hurt more, and was honestly a little disappointed that it didn't.

Although there were some painful moments, I only once shouted the safe word "mercy" and that was when Mistress Anna untied the rope around my testicles and the blood flowed back into them. That one hurt like hell.

But it was my first time, so I imagine that Mistress Anna didn't want to go too far in an introductory session – if I went again I think I'd ask for something a bit rougher.

> ‘IF IT'S AT ALL POSSIBLE TO FIND BEING TIED UP, ABUSED, WHIPPED AND SLAPPED A LITTLE BORING, I WAS BEGINNING TO FEEL THAT WAY’

What was more interesting was the uncovering of my until-now dormant desire to be psychologically abused.

I wanted more taunting, more teasing. I wanted to be told I was scum, and be spat on and be made to lick her boots.

I don't know if that's something I want in my sexual and emotional relationships with other women – hopefully it simply came from a desire to have a real experience of being dominated – but the fact I wanted more abuse certainly reveals something. I just don't know what that something is.

I'm not a psychologist so this is probably a very shallow analysis, but my suspicions are that it stems from my relationships with women in my past. I've always fallen in love with people who are far more morally upstanding than I am.

Maybe that comes out of having a good Christian mother or perhaps it's just the fact that I'm a general scumbag and any woman is bound to be a better citizen than me, but I came to the realization after seeing Mistress Anna that I have never held the balance of power in any of my relationships.

I've always been the weaker one. The one to agree to end an argument even if I feel I'm in the right, to cede control for the sake of settlement, to always assume I'm in the wrong because how could this woman I love have any faults?

That's obviously a warped way of thinking.

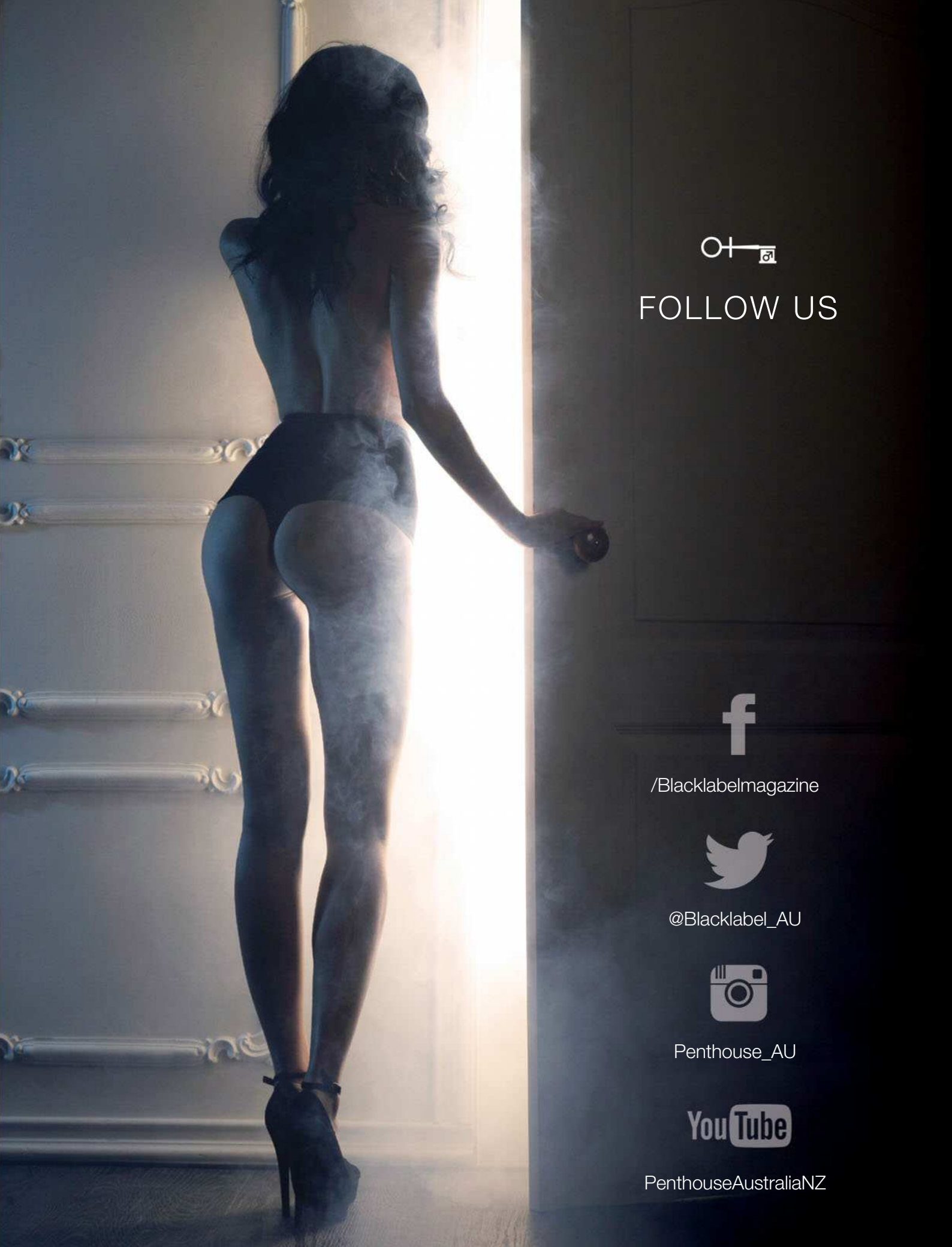
Of course the women I've been with are imperfect, but I've never acknowledged that until after those relationships have ended.

Now that I'm single, and have been for a year, that part of my life – having someone better than me subconsciously controlling my behaviour – is missing.

The desire to be abused by Mistress Anna seems like a good replacement.

I'm gonna go back.





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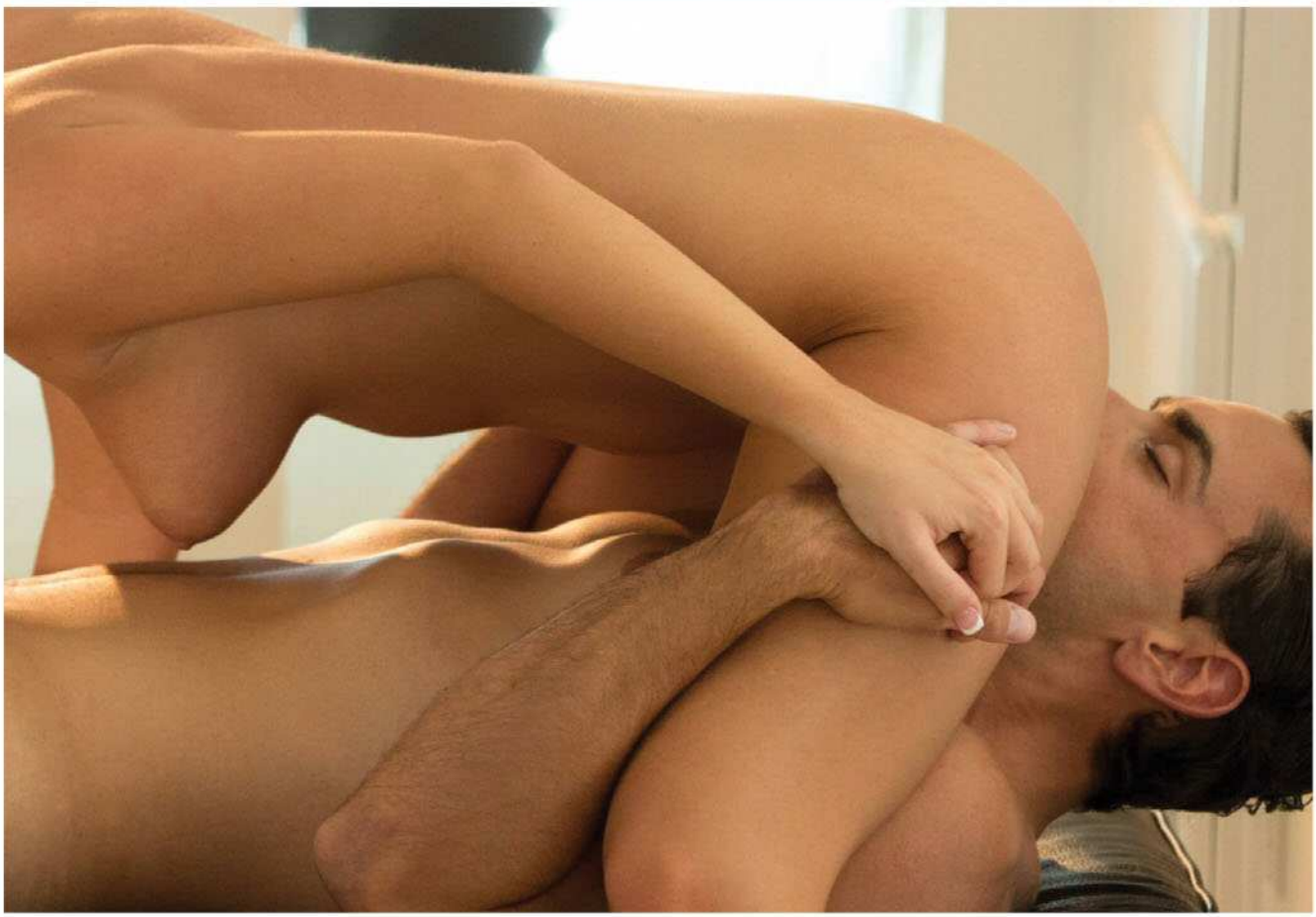
ALEXIS WENT TO VISIT HER GIRLFRIEND, ONLY TO FIND SHE WASN'T HOME. BUT HER GIRLFRIEND'S BROTHER, RYAN, WAS... AND HE WAS MORE THAN ACCOMMODATING


















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NIC BEZZINA TURNS SCREENSHOTS OF CAM GIRLS INTO ART

The increasing digitisation of sex and intimacy has inspired photographer Nic Bezzina in his new exhibition, Cam Girls.

"I was interested in how... our intimate lives take place in a digital reality. Most people are exposed to sex and pornography through a digital medium [that] hints at intimacy, but when you get down to it, you're looking at pixels and you're sitting in front of a computer. It's as far away from intimate as you can get," Bezzina explains.

There are hundreds of thousands of cam-rooms on the internet, all promising a level of illusory intimacy with a girl who might be thousands of kilometres away, but what first caught Bezzina's eye was not the girls themselves but their rooms – after all, what's more intimate than being in another person's space?

"I stumbled across a couple of empty rooms, and I thought that was really interesting. So I scoured all these rooms for ones that were empty, and it developed into me asking the girls to actually step out of frame, because it was an interesting room, or there was beautiful light."

After taking numerous screenshots of the models' empty spaces, Bezzina began to capture images of the girls themselves.

"I started directing the models, playing my role as a photographer, just using their webcams as my camera. I became a little bit addicted to the exploration, seeking out interesting subjects, rooms and light. I might have gone through hundreds of rooms before I'd find one that fit the criteria."

Cam-girling is one of the more interesting ways the internet has revolutionised sex and intimacy. Some of the more popular cam-girls make upwards of $1 million a year, with thousands of people staring at them at any given moment.

"Some have five or ten thousand people in their room," Bezzina says.

The experience of viewing a cam girl is uniquely voyeuristic. Log onto any number of sites and you can almost immediately find yourself into the personal space of a girl you've never met before.

You can also find people willing to indulge in whatever fantasy you're after – for a price. This is the internet, after all, so you can get anything from vanilla strip-tease to scat-play.

All fertile ground for an artist interested in exploring the new boundaries of sex and intimacy.











MY GIRLFRIEND GOT FAKE BOOBS, AND THEY'RE EXQUISITE

"I'm in an office in Sydney's Double Bay watching a slight, handsome, and very well-spoken Indian-Australian man draw black pen lines all over my girlfriend's naked body.

She's having a consultation for breast surgery and I'm trying to figure out which facial expression best conveys the message "she's here of her own accord! I haven't pressured her! I'm a feminist!"

Twelve months earlier and only 3 weeks into our relationship, my girlfriend told me she wanted to get fake boobs.

"What?" I asked, slightly appalled.

"Your body's fine! You don't need to do that. You're beautiful."

My mum had always been totally against plastic surgery and it was one of those parental lessons I'd never really challenged. Plastic surgery was like Tom Cruise – obviously popular enough to sell tickets, but really hard to find anyone who'd openly admit to liking him.

My girlfriend and I argued for a little and she thanked me for being so sweet. I felt like I'd done my job as a male feminist – giving self-esteem and confidence to this girl who'd obviously been warped and broken and twisted by the cruel patriarchy.

But then two things happened, both of which made me reconsider how much of a 'good guy' I actually was.

First, she gave me a blowjob and swallowed my come.

While she did that incredibly generous thing, I found myself thinking about her in a totally different way. Previously, she'd been a beautiful, sweet girl with whom I had intimate, loving sex and showered with cuddles and affection. Now it felt like she was a dirty slut who thought of her body as an object to be looked at and used by men.

This was a temporary mental shift that lasted as long as my erection, but it was a state of mind that really turned me on. Even more confusingly, I later found out that me thinking that way about her really turned her on.

The second thing that happened was that over the next few days, I started to think about the fact that when we'd had that conversation, I'd basically just told her that I knew best. What right did I have to do that? Because I was the man, it was my job to tell her that she didn't need plastic surgery? Isn't that just as bad as being the guy that pressures his girlfriend into getting fake boobs?

My girlfriend is not stupid, or weak-minded, or impulsive. She's literally the strongest, smartest and most logical person I've ever met.

But when she told me she'd been thinking about getting fake boobs for the last five years – that it was something that really excited her, that she'd thought it through in every possible permutation and had come to the decision that that was what she wanted to do with her body – I still thought it was my place, business and duty to tell her she was wrong. What a misogynistic jerk.

We had the argument a few more times and, although my mum's words kept coming out of my mouth, I kept getting that very confusing weird twin-pronged twinge of "I'm being a patriarchal shit-hole" and "god it turns me on that she wants it so much."

And then one day, when we were having sex, I inadvertently vomited up the sentence (or something like it), "God I want to see you with big fake tits you dirty little slut oh god I want it so much, I just want to play with them and squish them and own them oh god you're such a dirty little bitch."

> **'WHAT'S MORE SEXIST? TREATING A WOMAN LIKE A SEX DOLL BECAUSE IT'S WHAT SHE WANTS, OR FORBIDDING HER FROM CHANGING HER BODY WHEN IT'S HER CHOICE?'**

And she was all like "yeah baby I want to be your little slut do you want me to get big double D tits for you baby yeah baby?

Yeah? I'll be your little slut baby"

From that day forth I was completely and utterly committed to being on the boob train with my girlfriend. So almost a year and thirteen thousand dollars later, I was driving the woman I love to a hospital at 6am on a Friday morning to be cut open and re-shaped.

And they're glorious.

They're like, really, really glorious. Exquisite.

So what's more sexist? Treating a woman like a sex doll because it's what she wants, or forbidding her from changing her body because of what you've been raised to believe?

In the end what a woman wants to do with her own body is completely up to her, even if what she wants flies in the face of what most knee jerk feminists – including my former self – believe is the right thing to do.

Even if what she wants is to turn herself into the fuck-doll fantasy of a sick, filthy man who claims to be all about women's rights but is obviously as rotten and perverted as every other creep on the planet

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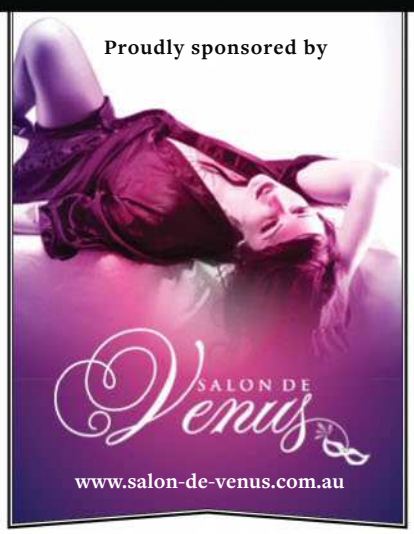
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SEX AND AUTOMOBILES

IF "Mad Men" taught me anything, smashing those two together has been the bottom rung of a advertisers idea ladder since God knows when. Goes together like blonde hair and… Well, you know.

I've seen these speeding carriages do strange things to the minds of women. Strange things. I've seen idling Ferrari's burbling at traffic lights in a city centre, only to have cover-girl material saunter pass, reach into their bag and scribble furiously on paper, before having it thrown into the drivers lap through the open roof - followed up with the universal hand sign for "call me."

I've seen the fellation of tail pipes at a muscle car meet while an eager friend wields her iPhone with a giggle.

Droves of crusty, cross-the-street-to-avoid Motorcycle Club boys just command tops to come down from the perch of their steel horses and fleets of willing young women just… Obey. With glee.

It's hard to say exactly what the automobile represents. Is it power? A display of wealth? Is it riding the mightiest steed to battle? Is it an outward expression of personality, a larger than life representation of one's own ego made real? I'm not a sociologist, a psychologist, and i'm far from a genius… I can only assume it's a combination of all the above.

I've always been a car guy, but never had one that raised that kind of attention. Ladies aren't really known to be partial to an off-white 1993 Mitsubishi Lancer. I mad sure that changed and low and behold, as soon as it did? Raunchy experiences went skyward.

I knew I had to have her. She wasn't cheap, she certainly wasn't the kind of ride toted by junior sales executives, least not twenty-five year old ones. But I had to have her. It exuded the kind of menace my baby-face would never let me project. A big, black 2013 Chrysler SRT8 300. 7 Litres of pure American displacement. A V8 HEMI engine that would rattle the frame on her suspension at stationary revving. Almost certainly more than I could afford, let alone fuel. But fuck that. Mine.

> "MY PASSENGERS HEAD DESCENDED, AS A FAMILIAR WARMTH ENCAPSULATED MY COCK"

Take it forward a few months and I was watching the speedometer climb on a highway, around 3am. It read 100. 120. 130. 145. It wasn't letting up. Another gear paddle-shifted into place and with a slight buck, the speed climbed higher. 165. 180… And there it was. My passengers head descended, her dyed black hair splaying in my lap as a familiar warmth encapsulated my cock. I sighed and sank back into the seat, my head nearly lolling into the familiar place a surrender to pleasure will normally send me. Didn't you have to be a rock star or something to have this sort of shit happen?

I woke to my senses after a few seconds and with wider eyes, gripped the steering wheel tighter. In response, I'd taken my foot off the pedal and the car started to slow.

"No, no. Don't slow down."

My mind began to tear. Splitting between an ever-real spectre of danger and a Ballardian rush of pure eroticism. Here it was again. All that I'd seen before. Maybe it was power, maybe it was wealth, but this time it was danger. The car brought us closer because we were in danger. And fuck was it hot. Her movements were eager, passionate. She knew how unsafe she was. And she knew how it spurred her on.

The speedo was reading 232 KPH. I remember so clearly, burned into my eyes and mind. It was the point where the air pushing underneath the car at speed had caused it to almost float. The tyres no longer gave feedback to the road's surface. It was just a gossamer-like highway. Fuck, maybe it was the headjob, now I think of it… But beside the point, that was when fear gave way to surrealism. A dark part of my mind was aware as to what was happening, but the pleasure had taken precedence. Fuck the danger. The speed inched towards 256 and with it, that surge of pleasure. I wanted nothing more than to abandon my duties as driver and let go to my partner's eager sucking. I set my eyes with steely determination on the highway's horizon and let the speed climb incrementally higher and with it, the rapture of my orgasm.

Some hour or so later, we pulled into the lot of a suburban park and swiftly moved to the back seat and had the kind of fucking that only a shared experience with true danger can bring about. Urgency, ferocity… Like it would be the last time you ever could.

With that, I was sold on the power of the automobile. My partner often brings it up as our hottest screw. The car's influence on the female of our species will always astound me. They like danger. Perhaps that's it. It's often said they're deadlier than the male

– Garrick Charter


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MARDI GRAS GRAB

IT still turns us on when we talk about it. It's one of those personal legends that come up when we're naked and kissing and just on the verge of fucking. It happened at Mardi Gras this year. There we were with the smoke, booze, and sweaty bodies all around us. Suddenly, in the midst of copious forms of drunken debauchery, I let the mood sweep me away and I lifted her skirt.

"What are you doing?" she yelled in my ear. Though in the noisy throng, it was barely a whisper.

"Just taking a look." I smoothed my fingers over the blue fabric of her panties, feeling her ass. It is a thing of beauty!

"People will see," she protested mildly.

"Go for it, man," yelled some guy from the crowd.

That stranger's encouragement suddenly made what I was doing that much better and I yanked her back against me with her skirt still flipped up. I pushed my cock against the split of her ass and felt her heat. It made me moan.

The crowd was pushing us along but when I saw a narrow alleyway, I pulled her toward it. "Come here."

I knelt and pulled her panties down. Now under her sexy little skirt, she was completely naked.

"That's hot," a woman said as she passed by, checking us out. A drunken stranger curtsied clumsily and continued by.

I pushed up the front of her skirt, exposing her pussy. I buried my face between her legs, licking her so that her thighs shivered against my face. I was beyond caring who saw us. I just wanted to taste her on my tongue and lick her clean before turning her to face that fence so I could fuck her from behind. Rarely was I impatient, but in this instance I was absolutely frantic for her.

So I shrugged off her false protests and latched on to her fully, licking and sucking her wet slit and hard clit until she sighed deeply and held onto my hair, pulling my face closer. I pushed two fingers into her cunt and curled them, feeling her heat and the way her pussy walls clenched greedily around my fingers.

A man paused to hang in the alley's entryway, looked, and said, "You only live once! Mardi Gras, baby!" And then he was gone.

But Janet came at that moment and her sweet juices flooded my mouth. That man looking at her and seeing her that way was what had pushed her over the edge. It was so forbidden and hot and it broke her open and made her cum so hard. I fucking loved it.

There were a few new people lingering in the street, watching us. Although I pretended they weren't there, my heart was pounding away with excitement.

I turned my wife around and flipped up her skirt again, then kicked her legs aside a bit roughly. Her body was trembling with passion. I smiled. "Put your hands up on the fence," I told her. I could talk softer away from the crowd.

She pressed her hands against the weathered wood and her wedding band sparkled in the fading sunlight. The way she was obeying me was an even bigger turn-on than knowing people were watching our intimate activities. I plunged a finger into Janet's sweet cunt, and she moaned and pressed her cheek to the fence. She no longer seemed to care who might be watching.

> "I PLUNGED A FINGER INTO JANET'S SWEET CUNT, AND SHE MOANED AND PRESSED HER CHEEK TO THE FENCE"

She pushed her ass back against me, inviting me in. But I still wanted to tease her – to torment her soaking-wet cunt into wanting me even more. I added another finger and then a third, flicking at her G-spot. At the entrance to the alley, I heard someone speak and the sound made my dick jerk in my pants. But I continued on with what I was doing, pretending like I didn't hear it.

I pushed my fingers in deeper and pressed my thumb against her asshole hard enough to make her go taut against the fence. As I shoved my fingers into her once more, she came again, and the people who had gathered around us urged her on.

Out on the street, the crowd continued to flow along. The music continued to play and the shouts of the crowd were still loud and excited.

She was ready and so was I. I pulled at my belt and bared my hard cock as my wife remained pressed to the wooden fence. Her whimpers went right to my dick and my balls. In fact, every sound she made just made me more urgently in need to fuck her. It didn't seem possible, but every small cry proved it to be true.

"Please hurry," she begged. Her fingers ran along the wooden fence, looking for purchase.

We definitely had a nice little crowd of watchers now. They clogged the entrance to our alley and softly urged us on.

Sliding the tip of my cock along her ass crack, I took my time, making her wait – making her tremble, making her beg.

"Please, hurry!"

"Yes, hurry," one of the watcher's said. I thought it was a man, but I wasn't sure. With all the noise going on, it was hard to tell.

Pushing just the tip of my cock into her, I licked the back of her neck. Janet moaned and cried out and I slid into her a bit farther. Just another inch or two. She tried to push back and stuff herself full of my cock. I just laughed softly in her ear, and pulled out a little more. This was meant by a frustrated sob.

"Are you having a nice vacation?"

"Yes," she blurted, nodding so hard that her soft brown hair swept against the fence.

I slid into her again–just another inch – and this time she sighed.

"Do you like them watching?"

When I asked, it seemed like I could hear them breathing – those few people who were standing there enjoying the show.

"Fuck yes," she admitted.

That's what broke my control. I was no longer able to do anything but act – so I did – pulling back just enough to see that her skirt just barely concealed where we were joined. I held her full hips in my hands and started to seriously fuck her – thrusting in deeply and desperately. I never looked at the people watching, but I could feel them there, watching every move we made.

I pushed one finger into Janet's ass and heard someone in the crowd gasp. That sound made it hard for me to hang on, but luckily, Janet cried out at that moment. She was cumming yet again. I loved it. Normally I could only get one orgasm out of her – two if I was lucky.

Feeling her pussy milk me, rippling around me in hot, wet waves, I gave in and came too. I thrust my cock in deeply and emptied my load into her with a happy moan.

As I started to put myself back together and Janet let her skirt fall, our audience moved away. One man tossed us a wave as he left, saying, "Good show!"

I kissed her hard and with passion. "I think we might need to come back next year."

"I think you are right!" she agreed.

We haven't made it back yet, but this year we hope to. We want to get lost in the crowd again, and there's an alleyway waiting for us there.

– D. Wardlaw, NSW.


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THE BACK ROOM

JOE and I have been known to get together whenever we can. It's rarely planned; we like to hook up on a whim. I know his weakness – he likes it rough. And he knows mine – I love anal and always have. Together, we are one great team when we are horny.

The last time we got the chance to hook up was when we closed up the shop after a big sale before the holidays.

"You wanna grab some stock out of the back to replenish the shelves? There are two things we sold out of today. You grab one box and I'll grab the other." Something in his eyes was heated and I could feel the heat of his gaze on my skin.

"Sure, give me the heavy lifting."

He shrugged his big shoulders and grinned. "We can swap. You go into the cramped space where the candles are and I'll–"

"Fine! Fine!" I said, laughing. He was right. The storage area was clean but parts of it were very cramped and I wasn't a fan of tight spaces.

I could still feel his eyes on me as I moved, and the knowledge that he was staring at me caused a steady pounding pulse in my stomach and my cunt. I was hoping that we would somehow collide that night–and make each other cum hard in the process. Maybe we'd even grab a beer together afterward.

I never really bring it up though. I prefer to hope and let these encounters manifest on their own.

The merchandise, as usual, had been put in the wrong place by the store's day shift. When I bent to dig them out from behind some other boxes on a bottom shelf, Joe's hands clamped down on my waist. "I saw you looking at me," he said, his voice heavy with lust.

It was hard to breathe, hard to swallow, but very easy to shiver–trapped there in his grip as I was. I said nothing.

"I can tell when you need it," Joe told me. He gripped my stretchy blue skirt and pulled it down and the white tails of my blouse fluttered around my waist. His hands found the top of my black tights and I heard him tear my nylons away. My pussy was sopping wet with desire, but that's not where he'd be going. Not there.

I nodded in response. Yes, I did need it. Yes, this was good.

Joe's fingers tickled along my spine before stroking my lower back in a deceptively gentle way. He cupped my ass and leaned in to whisper in my ear, "Do you need it? Am I right?"

He was going to make me say it. "I need it," I managed, though my voice was choppy and weak from excitement.

"Need what?" he teased.

"I need you to fuck me," I whispered, hoping he'd let me get away with being just a little coy.

"Is that it?" he pressed.

I shook my head no. If I was going to get what I wanted, I was going to have to say it. "I need you to fuck my ass."

"That's more like it!" Joe said, bending me forward. My arms leaned on the shelf in front of me and I pushed my ass back against him – tempting him and inviting him.

He slipped his fingers inside my pussy deeply, nudging my G-spot and the wet depths of my cunt. Then his cock followed, plunging easily into my pussy hole as he drove his wet fingers into my rectum. I moaned, hanging my head and holding my breath. He was getting me ready – getting me where I wanted to be so he could fuck me the way I really needed it.

> "MY BODY SHOOK WITH THE EFFORT TO NOT SCREAM AS MY ORGASM MOVED THROUGH ME"

My hair slid along the shelf, my fingers making trails in the dust. His cock slammed me hard, pushing me forward so that my toes were barely touching the floor. Joe's fingernails dug almost painfully into my hips and his roughness made my pussy clamp down on his cock.

"Feels like you are really turned on," he said as he pulled free of me quickly. It made me sigh. He slid his fingers in and out of my ass, stretching me open and making me ache for him. My cunt was clenching – empty. I whimpered.

"Hold on, sexy. Just a minute more." He added another finger to my ass hole, and it stung so good! My body gave itself over to his finger talents and I gripped the edge of the shelf as he slid his fingers out and lined up the head of his cock with my stretched ass. Then, moving with slow torture, he entered me with just the tip of his cock. I was panting with need.

"You want more, don't you?"

I nodded, unable to speak.

Joe pushed forward and his cock continued to probe my body, stretching my asshole taut. My free hand found its way to my pussy and I simply pressed. The added pressure made his intrusion all the sweeter.

"Did I say you could do that?" he asked, slapping my ass cheek once, hard enough that I felt blood rush to the surface of my skin.

Another inch and then another, before his cock was in all the way – balls deep – and we both paused to breathe. Soon, though, his stillness became maddening, and another whimper popped out of me. I could feel my cunt pounding to the same beat as my heart.

"I know. Just a second . . . " Then he was moving – slow and steady at first, making sure he didn't hurt me until I was ready. When I began trembling, Joe wound my long, blonde hair around his fist and pulled hard enough to snap my head back and make my nipples rub hard against my white blouse.

"I want you to cum – hard!" he said, yanking again.

His blue eyes stared at me when I caught his gaze in my peripheral vision. My head held tight by his grip on my hair, I could barely see him. But I could understand that gaze. "You may touch yourself."

I almost babbled with relief as his thrusts became harder and more demanding. My fingers stroked circles around my clit and my whole body responded – becoming taut with anticipation. I shoved fingers into my greedy cunt and pressed my hand against my swollen clit.

"Harder," he groaned. He could feel my fingers through that thin barrier of skin that separated my cunt and ass.

I thrust my fingers deeper. "Oh," was all I said as I hovered there on the edge, waiting.

"Cum!," he commanded, and then I did. My body shook with the effort to not scream as my orgasm moved through me. It was so much hotter to be quiet – secret – illicit.

He slammed into me hard enough to rap my hips against the edge of the shelf. With a rough growl he came inside my ass, pinning me in place with his body.

Then he chuckled and kissed the back of my neck. "You up for a beer? "

My knees were shaking, as were my hands. "I am."

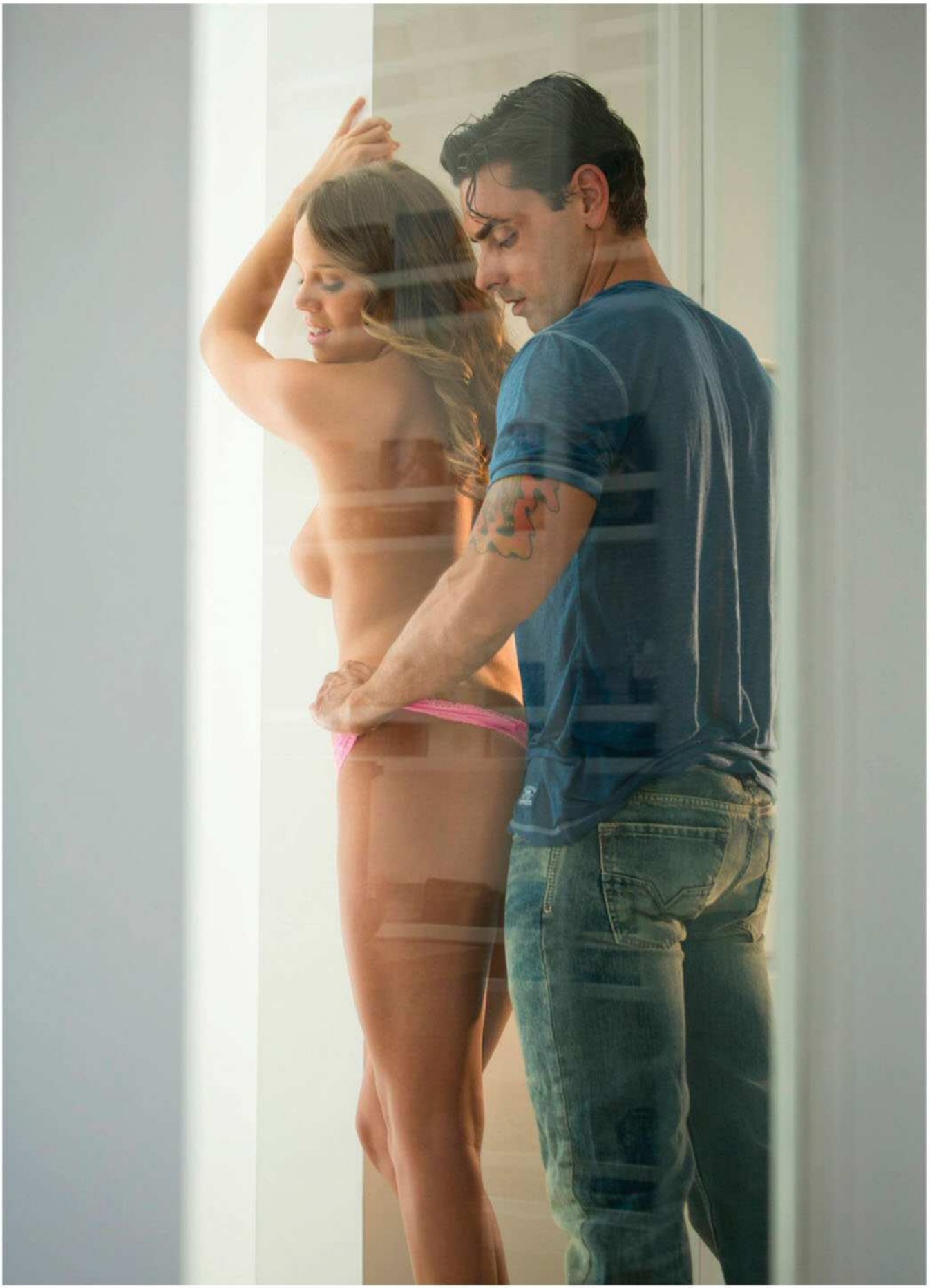
"One day we might have to take this act of ours into the real world. You know – a real date."

I blushed. "Maybe," I said. "But not yet."

"You like the secret," he said, turning from me. It wasn't a question.

I liked the secret.

– K.Peppers, VIC



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Dear Sex,

I love you, but you're taking up a lot of my time and I'm starting to question our relationship. Yes, I am a man. Yes, I love being balls deep in you, but I'm questioning the amount of time I spend with you, think about you, and try to recreate you when you're not around. Yes, I am of a sound state of mind, thanks for asking.

So what's the problem you ask? Well, it's hard… No, it's not hard, but 'it', as in 'the problem', is difficult to clarify. Don't get me wrong, I love sucking on a pair of exotic breasts, and meeting new strange as much as the next freak – so what's the problem?

I've had threesomes, midnight blow jobs on bus rides in South America from exotic women the colour of cinnamon, too many one night stands to count, strippers and a countless assortment of freaks, who like me, just want to get down. And University. My god. I'm getting excited thinking about it… How couldn't I?. It's raw. That place where good girls let the bad girl come out and play. It's where the 'freak' in all of us waits in hiding, waiting to cross paths with another likeminded individual.

I've been called promiscuous by some, but obviously, they don't know what they're talking about. Truth is, I've been looking for 'the one' – one or two or three girls at a time.

But not anymore.

Sex, I'm done with the random one night stands – babes at bars, cute girls on the street, and tinder – you can keep them. Why? It all seems like a good idea until it's over; and then reality hits… I could've just had a cup of tea and a wank and avoided all of this.

Men have a penis and a brain, but only enough blood to run one – and that is the bane of men's existence.

So for the time being, I'm just going to stick with my safety wank and a cup of tea, which, is exactly what it sounds like. Because in the words of Woody Allen, "Don't knock masturbation — it's sex with someone I love."





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